

THE LITERARY CASKET:

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

VOL. I.

HARTFORD, (CON.) SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1826.

NO. 13.

REFLECTOR.

HUMILITY.

No man ever lost the esteem of a wise man by stooping to an honest lowness when there was occasion for it. I have known a great duke to fetch in wood to his inferior's fire; and a general of nations descend to a footman's office in lifting up the boot of a coach; yet neither thought it a degradation to their dignity. The text gives it to the publicans humility rather than to the pharisee's boasting. He may well be suspected to be defective within, that would draw respect to himself by unduly assuming it. What is that man the worse, who lets his inferiors go before him? The folly is in him who arrogates respect when it is not due; but the prudence rests with him, who in the serenity of his own worth does not seek for it. I am not troubled, if my dog out-runs me. The sun chides not the morning star, though it presumes to usher in day before him. While the proud man bustles in the storm, and begets himself enemies, the humble peaceably passes in the shade unenvied. The full sail oversets the vessel, which drawn in, may make the voyage prosperous.—Humility prevents disturbance; it rocks debate asleep, and keeps men in continued peace. When the two goats met on a narrow bridge over a deep stream, was not that the wiser, which lay down for the other to pass over him, than that one which would rather hazard both their lives by contending? The former preserved himself from danger, and made the latter indebted to him for preservation. I will never think myself disparaged either by preserving peace or doing good. He is charitable, who for christian ends, can be content to part with his due; and he who would take my due from me, wrongs not me so much as himself. I have ever thought it indiscretion to vie in continued strife. Prevailing is but victory in part. The pride of my opponent may still remain unconquered. If I be subdued, besides my shame, I purchase his contempt to boot, when yielded out of prudence, I triumph over all, and bring him to be mine. I had rather be accounted too humble, than be esteemed a little proud. The former tends to virtue; the latter to dishonor and vice.

THE GRANDEUR OF GOD.

*At his command the lurid lightning flies,
Shakes the firm globe, and fires the vaulted skies.*

There is not one of the four elements which so magnificently displays the grandeur of God, as that of fire. Well might the ancients suppose it to constitute the human soul, for they are similar in their operations. The soul pervades every part of the body, and fire exists in every particle of nature. Like the soul, we observe it quiescent in one body, and in another we see it in all its terrific sublimity. Like the soul we see it in one instance a slave, and in another the master of the world. As the soul is the centre of motion to the human body, so is the burning sun to the solar system. When the soul ceases to move the body, every limb is motionless;

and when Joshua commanded the sun to stand still on Gibeon, the earth and moon were still; for they receive their motion from his diurnal revolution. The language of Scripture is correct, for though the sun is fixed in his orbit, he has diurnal motion, and when that ceases, his attendant planets must cease. This has been an eye-sore to many deists. Let them reflect that when the large wheel of a mill is at rest, the whole of the machinery is at rest also. We see the operations of the soul, but not its essence; and we see the effects of fire, but not its substance.

Fire is the mighty autocrat of the universe—its throne is the footstool of God—and its empire is the grand alembic of nature. Like the Olympian Jove when he arose and rocked the skies with his wrath, it sends forth its herald into the stormy clouds, and shakes the pillars of the universe with its tremendous roar.—When the spirit of the storm is roused it goeth forth to battle—it awakens the deep thunders of the artillery of heaven—and sets the skies on fire. The clash of resounding strife rings in our ears. The mighty master comes forth from the dark dungeon in which he was chained—he rides round the ethereal dome in his rapid car wheeled by the whirlwinds—and the halls of heaven echo with the crash of clouds. The mighty monarchs of the earth tremble when the dreadful Autocrat levels his artillery at the globe. It was the same Autocrat with whom the immortal Franklin made a league, and entered into amicable negotiations. He sent forth his ambassador to the gloomy palace of the Autocrat, who was conducted to his presence in a chariot of glass. Peace was settled between them—the dark storm of elemental war rolled away—and the universal rainbow banner was hung out in the east. But the Autocrat escaped from the dungeon of the philosopher—he was seen again in battle with the spirits of the storm—and Franklin raised his bayonets against him from every steeple. He was again seen enveloped in his grand and brilliant fireworks in the heavens, and scattering his thunderbolts in every direction. Such is electricity!

We dwell peaceably on the surface of the earth, while oceans of fire roll beneath our feet. In the globe the everlasting forge is at work. How dreadful must an earthquake be, when we are told by Pliny, that twelve cities in Asia Minor were swallowed up in one night. Not a vestige remained—they were lost in the tremendous maw forever. Millions of human beings have been swallowed up while flying for safety.—In the bowels of the earth the great Jehovah performs his wonders, at the same moment that he is firing the heavens with his lightnings. His thunders roll above our heads, and beneath our feet, where the eye of mortal man never penetrated. In the vast vortex of the volcano the universal forge empties its melted metals. The roar of Etna has been the yell of thousands, when it poured forth its cataract of fire over one of the fairest portions of the earth, and swept into ruins ages of industry. In the reign of Titus Vespasian,

A. D. 79, the volcano of Vesuvius dashed its fiery billows to the clouds, and buried in burning lava the cities of Herculaneum, Stabice and Pompeii, which then flourished near Naples. The streets of Pompeii were paved with lava, and it has been discovered that its foundation is composed of the same, proving that the spot had been deluged previous to the birth of Christ. In the streets once busy with the hum of industry, and where the celebrated ancients walked, the modern philosopher now stands and ruminates upon fallen grandeur. While the inhabitants were unmindful of the danger which awaited them—while they were busied with the schemes of wealth and greatness—the irresistible flood of fire came roaring from the mountain and shrouded them in eternal night. Seventeen hundred years have rolled over them, and their lonely habitations and works remain as their monuments. They are swept away in the torrent of time—the waves of ages have settled over them—and art alone has preserved their memory. Great God how sublime are thy works! How grand are thy operations! How awful thy wrath! Nations cannot stand against thee—a world is but an atom in thy sight. Mighty art thou, O God of nature.

MILFORD BARD.

Children, like grown persons, are rendered more liable to disease and mortality by the single circumstance of eating too much, than any one or any twenty others in the annals of Death; and the younger they are, the more likely are they to suffer from ignorant treatment. The universal prejudice in favor of eating too much, and of pampering and stuffing children into that sort of appearance which is commonly called "fine," but which is nothing better than a disposition to fever (as apothecaries soon make all parties feel to their cost) is a remarkable instance of the passions of mankind in substituting themselves for a good principle, and agreeing to puff and swagger down objection. One of the wisest men of his age—the American Franklin—after an experience of nearly a century, gave it as his opinion, that 12-20ths of the diseases of mankind were caused by over feeding.

MOTHERS.

The following is from Buckminster: "If any thing in life deserves to be considered as at once the exquisite bliss and pre-eminent duty of a mother, it is this—to watch the dawning disposition and capacity of a favorite child; to discover the earliest buds of thought; to feed with useful truths the inquisitiveness of a young and curious mind; to direct the eyes yet unsullied with the waters of contrition, to a bounteous benefactor, to lift the little hand yet unstained with vice, in prayer to their Father who is in heaven. But so it is.—The child as soon as it is released from the bondage of the nurse, and needs no longer a careful eye to look after its steps, and guard it from external injury is too often surrendered to preceptors, some of whom are employed to polish the surface of the character, and regulate the motions of the limbs, others to furnish the

memory, and accomplish the imagination, while religion gets admission as she can, sometimes in a Saturday's task or a Sunday's peculiarity, but how rarely as a sentiment. Their little hearts are made to flutter with vanity, encouraged to pant with emulation, persuaded to contract with parsimony, allowed to glow with revenge, or reduced to absolute numbness by worldliness and cares, before they have ever felt a sentiment of devotion, or beat with a pulsation of sorrow for an offence, or gratitude for a benefit, in the presence of God. Believe me, mothers, you have no right to expect, that the sense of religion will be infused by the labors of others. When parents have ceased to be teachers, religion has ceased to be taught."

BIOGRAPHY.

KOSCIUSKO.

In the annals of the world, there have occurred but few instances of true patriotism and heroic virtue. It should be our delight to catch these rare examples for improvement; they interest the heart, and present an object of natural dignity, which we can pause to contemplate in silent admiration. Such an object is Thaddeus Kosciusko, who commenced and terminated his disinterested career in a worthy cause. Born in Poland, of a noble and distinguished family, possessing a mind capable of rising above the prejudices which he had imbibed in receiving a royal but vicious education, in his youth he became the ardent friend of Independence. Having known from common fame that the standard of Liberty had been erected in our land, and that an oppressed People had determined to be free or perish in the attempt, he forsook his honors at home, and became the devoted soldier of Freedom. In this momentous cause, he was renowned for his intrepid valor in the field, and remarkable for those eminent virtues which dignify and exalt the human character. Respected by his fellow-officers for his mental endowments and a generous heart, he was also beloved by the soldiers for his bravery. Contributing not a little by his perils and sufferings to the establishment of American Independence, he might have passed a life of pleasure in our land, enjoying those blessings for which he fought, respected and beloved by a grateful People.—Kosciusko, however, was not content with the benefits he had conferred on a portion of the human family. In the Revolution, he had become acquainted with the privileges and power of the people, and the advantages resulting from a free Government. He considered that Poland, his beloved native land, was torn by factions, her inhabitants oppressed, and that she had the first claim to his toils and labours. He was for a long time employed in giving instructions to an ignorant people, and diffusing a light throughout the nation, by which to instruct his countrymen to burst the chains which had too long been fettered upon them. At length the flame arose in Poland, which had been long anticipated. The united forces of Russia, Austria, and Persia, invaded the kingdom. Her weak and haughty nobles ingloriously submitted to the infuriated army of their enemy, and agreed to the oppression of their countrymen. Devastation and horror resulted

from the arrogance and barbarity of these invaders. The wretched but innocent inhabitants of Poland were obliged to disperse. Their property was confiscated and their families reduced to servitude. Goaded by so many calamities, they once more assumed the resolution of freeing their country from oppression. Some of them assembled and unanimously appointed Kosciusko their General, who had already displayed talents, which had justly obtained him the confidence of the nation, the hatred of the Russians, and the esteem of Europe. Collecting together his little band, he animated in the sacred cause in which they were engaged; and appealed to his Maker for its justice—

"Oh! Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save!

Is there no hand on high to shield the brave—
Yet though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men, our country yet remains:
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live with her to die."

Victory covered with success for a time the efforts of the Patriots. The powerful forces of Frederick and Catharine gave way to the bands of peasants, armed with the implements of husbandry, conducted by the brave Kosciusko.—They were at length overpowered by the numbers of their enemies. Neither the talents, the valor, nor the desperation of this magnanimous leader, was able to prevent his little band from laying down their arms, themselves almost cut to pieces. He sank covered with wounds—and with him fell the last hope of Polish emancipation. He, however, survived, and was conveyed to Petersburg, and there placed in a dungeon, loaded with chains by order of the Empress Catharine, whose more noble and generous son restored him to liberty. This land of servitude was not a fit grave for such a man as Kosciusko. A land of liberty, the land of Tell, holds his remains.

If the character of Kosciusko is justly esteemed by all the virtuous, what should be our feelings to him as Americans? To him who abandoned his native land to fight for liberty in ours, who contributed by his exertions to secure our independence, and who participated in the battles and danger of the Revolution with our fathers! When we view his countrymen against the oppression of their enemies, swearing

"That man hath yet a soul and dare be free."

and, covered with wounds, bleeding for his country's liberty, he presents us an object worthy our imitation and esteem. This accomplished soldier and distinguished hero is no more! But his memory lives; our country delights to cherish it, and, whilst we venerate laudable actions and patriotic efforts, we will recollect with gratitude the name of Kosciusko. The plains of Sarmatia are no longer lovely; they have become the stage of tyranny and wretchedness, and vice, and we can but exclaim in the language of the Poet:—

"Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own!
Oh! once again to freedom's cause return
The Patriot fell, the Bruce of Bannockburn!"

HISTORY.

RIO JANEIRO.

Extract of a letter from a Boston Gentleman at Rio Janeiro, dated March 14, 1826.

This is the largest and richest city in South America, said to contain 200,000 inhabitants. The surrounding scenery is beautiful beyond description. The mountains, covered with rich and perpetual verdure, exhibit some of the most picturesque and romantic views in nature. The aqueduct is the greatest curiosity, said to have been built by the Jesuits. It appears, from its construction, that hydraulics were little understood at the time it was built, as it is constructed over a valley, near the city, by means of arches nearly 100 feet high, in order to preserve a gradual descent into the city. It is 6 miles long, built above ground, with small stones and gravel, laid in lime mortar, and plastered out side, so that it appears like a solid mass. It is about 4 feet in diameter, with air holes every 16 or 20 feet. Its course is laid out on a gradual descent, and to preserve which, they have had, in some places, to cut through high hills; but most of the way it winds round the sides of mountains, leaving a platform on one side of sufficient width to admit 4 or 6 horses abreast. It is a delightful walk: you go for miles on almost a level, amidst hills and mountains. The precipices, in some places, present a truly grand and terrific appearance, overlooking the valleys beneath, which are generally inhabited and under the highest state of cultivation.

The city is situated very low; streets narrow and dirty, and generally irregular. The houses are mostly two and three stories high, plastered and whitewashed outside. The double buildings are all quite ordinary in their appearance. The Churches are the most splendid, being richly ornamented inside with gildings, paintings, &c. The Emperor's Palace has nothing extraordinary about it; about equal in style to our old State House in Boston. The Public Walks are beautiful; much superior to the Boston Mall in point of taste. They are laid out in a circular form, handsomely shaded. The enclosures are planted with flowers, ornamental trees and shrubs, &c. the whole commanding a fine view of the harbour. The Botanical Gardens are also worthy of note—they appear to have been much neglected since the revolution. They are situated about 6 miles from town, on the borders of a fresh water Lake or Pond, near which the Emperor has his Country House.—The Tea Plant, Cinnamon Tree, Pepper, Cloves, Nutmeg Tree, Camphor Tree, and Bread Fruit, were to me the greatest curiosities, and appear to grow here to perfection."

ISLAND OF CALYPSO.

Sweetest island of the ocean, for ever memorable in the works of the great poets who have immortalized thy name, what reverence does thy memory inspire! Thou art associated in our imagination with the remembrance of the beautiful Calypso, the beloved of Ulysses and Tele-machus. When we think of thee, we think of the goddess with her lovely train, with her innocent amusements, and with the fascinations that hung around her as a charm. But the hour

of Calypso is gone by, and the deity has forever vanished from our sight. She is no longer immortal; no longer is she surrounded as of yore with the sweetest virgins of the island.

The hand of the spoiler has passed over her woodland recesses; her sparkling grottos, her forest caverns, the image of her loveliness is effaced. Pirates and unlettered Greeks now reside where Calypso once dwelt; and the rocks at once re-echoed to the syren song of love and happiness, now reverberate with the hoarse whistle of the sea robber. Inexorable time! in depriving us of the realities of our imagination, thou hast deprived us of the sweet solace of our existence. No longer can our fancy again cling to the remembrance of Calypso, as though a real occurrence was presented to our eyes; the mere fact of the desolate condition of her once beautiful island is sufficient to exclude forever the recollection of its past glories; or if we do recal them, to recal them with a bitter sense of their present inferiority.

But time was, when the mind of man, more strongly tinted with imagination than it can ever be again, viewed at a distance the towering woods and mountain caverns of Calypso, and viewed them as the holy sanctuaries of the goddess. Then was the proud æra of imagination; poetry poured the light of inspiration on the soul; and fancy assumed the guise of reality.—Then were no cold-blooded systems of philosophy invented to deaden the nobler faculties of the mind; all was poetry; the nature of man—his life—his actions—his feelings were all poetry, and in unison with the religion he professed. But now the days of enthusiasm are over; fancy has given way to reason, and sensibility has sobered into mechanism. The glory of Calypso, too, has passed away with the changed spirit of times; for the imagination that peopled her ocean-isle with deities, has almost faded from the mind of man.

But the genuine admirer of the heavenly visions of antiquity, when he sails by the residence of the goddess, will think of the times that are gone by, and call to mind the remembrance of their glories. He will think of the hero Ulysses, who passed his hours of dalliance on the fond bosom of Calypso, and the pleasures that awaited him at her island. He will think of the affectionate woman who offered to resign even her immortality for the sake of her admirer, and preferred a cottage, with the object of her love, to the proudest gifts of heaven without him. To him Calypso will ever be immortal, and her woodland haunts the sanctuary of affection. The west wind that wafts the fragrance of the island across the bosom of the ocean, shall sink upon his ear as the evening song hymned by the forest nymphs to the honour of their deity; and when the summer breezes die mournfully along the wave, it shall come to him as the sweetest plaint of the goddess for the departure of her lover. When the wind is abroad, and the tempests are high in air, they shall be the same wind and the same tempests that first stranded Ulysses on the coast, where he afterwards spent years of unalloyed felicity. Sorry indeed should we be that the beautiful Calypso should ever be forgotten. She was the imaginative being that passed before us in our days of childhood; the

object of our early love, of our more matured admiration. The story of her divinity was the most touching fiction that ever inspired the mind of man, and merits immortality as much as the poet that created it.

But even her tale, with all its imaginative richness, must soon bow before the sober shrine of truth; for as our intellect becomes matured, the visions that delighted us in youth fade from our mind, and leave no token of what once was. Youth is the poetry—age is the prose of life—the one is the generosity—the other, the selfishness of existence. In youth we have a buoyant spirit, sensibility alive to all the finer impressions of our nature, that connects imagination with reality, and love with life; but as age creeps on us, the sensibility of existence vanishes; and as day after day we see our dearest friends dropping into the grave, we shut out enthusiasm from our hearts and begin to live solely for ourselves. We then see the folly of our juvenile enthusiasm; look back on the past with regret, and with a tear perhaps in our eye, while we cling to what can never be recalled; then make one last, one closing exertion, and sink calmly into the grave, forgetting and forgotten by all.

And the time must come, sweetest island of the ocean, when, in the torpid sobriety of age, we shall think with indifference of thee and thy beautiful deity. The time must come, when thy forest caverns and woodland grottos, that now dance gaily before our youthful imagination, shall be but as the idle follies of the past, the glittering meteors of a moment. Even now the hour is approaching; and as the chill of age comes on us, it deadens the youthful inspiration that once coursed cheerily through our veins; we ridicule many of our earliest and fondest prepossessions; and even thy name, divine Calypso, the magic, the talisman of our spring, must soon be forgotten in the autumn of our life.

SCIENTIFIC.

THE MAGNETIC NEEDLE.

It has been said that the magnetic needle experienced no diurnal variation in Russia. The probability was, that such an extraordinary and inexplicable exception from the general rule, was attributable solely to the imperfection of the instruments made use of by the Russian observers; and this conjecture has been proved to be well-founded by M. Kupffer, a French traveller, who states in a letter to M. Arago, of the Academy of Sciences, that having taken care to provide himself at Paris with perfect instruments, he found on his arrival, at Kasan, on the borders of Europe and Asia, that the diurnal variation was not less than at Paris; the sole difference being that the declination of the needle was to the east, instead of to the west. M. Kupffer thinks he has also remarked, that the magnetic intensity of the earth varies according to the hour of the day, and the season of the year. It appears, by M. Kupffer's observations, that on the 13th of November, 1825, the magnetic needle exhibited at Kasan, a very sensible and unusual variation. On the same day, at the same hour, exactly the same phenomenon was observed at Paris; and it has been ascertained, that precisely at the same time, a vivid aurora bore-

alis was visible in the north of Scotland. It is a remarkable fact, that although the aurora borealis is now rarely seen at Paris, the magnetic needle is no less sensibly affected by all the phenomena of that kind which appear in the polar regions.

NEW METHOD OF ROASTING COFFEE.

Mr. Clarke, of Apothecaries' Hall, has given us the following account of the process of roasting coffee by the new patent apparatus of Messrs. Evans and Co. "The roasting-still by which the process is effected is new in chemical science; and by it we have the power of subjecting any dry substance to the action of fire, without injuring those qualities we wish to preserve, and expelling other properties we wish to get rid of. A considerable quantity of acetic acid, which is injurious to the stomach, is formed during the process of roasting; this acid dissolves a large proportion of the iron vessel used for roasting the coffee, and destroys its most valuable qualities. By the new method the acid and other impurities are separated, and by a very ingenious contrivance the aroma and fine flavour of the coffee is preserved and the deleterious qualities are destroyed. The patent roasted coffee is not only rendered wholesome by the superior process, but will be found an agreeable and nutritious beverage. The patentee is entitled to universal patronage, as the discovery is most important to the public in general."

Rich Shell Marl, of marine production, is found in very extensive beds in the eastern parts of Virginia and Maryland. The Diluvial tract, extending from the Atlantic about 130 miles west, is underlaid by these beds. The lime contains many curious animal remains—shells of many species; teeth, supposed to be those of elephants; species of large fish, and human bones are reported to have been found in it.—The stone bids fair to be highly valuable as a manure.

Turkey Red.—In Thessaly, the Greek population of various places, particularly in the towns of Tornavo and Amphilocia, is actively engaged in the various processes of making and dyeing cotton thread, the staple commodity of the country. The Greek method of giving what is called the Turkey Red, is briefly the following: The cottons are first exposed to three leys of soda, ashes, and lime, mixed in nearly equal quantities, then follows a soda bath, which is repeated three or four times, and from which the cottons come out perfectly bleached. The galling and aluming are next in succession employed; the latter process being generally repeated, with an interval of two days; a small quantity of soda is usually added to the aluminous solution. To give the dye, madder root is employed with a small proportion of sheep's blood, which is supposed to strengthen the colour. Finally a bath atalysed with soda is used to perfect the dye, this ley being made to boil till the colour takes its proper tint: This of course is a delicate part of the process.

THE REPOSITORY.

THE DEATH WARRANT.

"The last, the fatal hour has come."

The mists of the morning still hung heavily on the mountain top, above the village of Redcliff, but the roads which led towards it were crowded with varied population of the surrounding country, from far and near. At Alesbury the shops were closed, the hammer of the blacksmith laid upon his anvil; not a wagon of any description was to be seen in the street, and even the bar of the tavern was locked, and the key gone with its proprietor towards the cliff, as a token of an important era which was without a parallel in the annals of the place. And save here and there a solitary head looked through a broken pane in some closed up house, with an air of sad disappointment, or the cries of a little nursing was heard, betokening that in the general flight, it had been left in unskilful hands, or mayhap here and there a solitary, ragged and ill-natured school boy was seen, or a not less solitary and ill-natured dog, either seeming but half appeased by the privilege of a holiday, granted on condition of staying at home, the whole village exhibited a picture of desertion and silence, that had forever been unknown before.

But in proportion as you drew nearer the ponderous cliffs, in the midst of which the little town of Redcliff was situated, you mingled again in the thick bustle and motion of the world, of men, and women, and boys, and horses and dogs, and all living, moving and creeping things that inhabit the wild districts of Pennsylvania.

The village itself was crowded to overflowing long before the sun had gained a sufficient altitude to throw its rays upon the deep valley in which it lay. There the bar room of the inn was crowded, and the fumes of tobacco and whiskey, the jingling of small change, and the perpetual clamor of the throng, was sufficient to rack a brain of common flexibility. In the streets there was the greeting of old and long parted acquaintances; the bartering of horses; the settling of old accounts; the buffoonry of half intoxicated men; the clatter of women; the crying and hallooing of children and boys, and the barking and quarrelling of strange dogs. To look upon the scene, to mingle with the crowd, to listen to the conversation or to survey the countenances of the assembled multitude, would lead to no satisfactory solution of the cause for which this mass of heterogeneous matter was congregated.

Within the walls of the old stone gaol at the foot of the mountain, a different scene had been that morning witnessed. There chained to a stake in the miserable dungeon, damp, and scarcely illuminated by one ray of light, now lay the emaciated form of one whose final doom seemed near at hand. A few hours before, his wife and little daughter had been with him, having travelled a hundred miles to meet him once more on the threshold of the grave; they met, and from that gloomy vault the song of praise ascended with the ascending sun, and the gaoler, as he listened to the melodious voice of three persons, whom he looked upon as the

most desolate and lost of all in the wide world, blended sweetly together, and chaunting that beautiful hymn,

"It is the Lord! should I distrust,
Or contradict his will?" &c.

almost doubted the evidence of his senses, and stood fixed with astonishment at the massy door. Could these be the voices of a murderer, and a murderer's wife and child?

This brief and to be final interview had passed, however, those unfortunate ones had loudly commended each other to the keeping of their heavenly parent, and parted; he to face the assembled multitude on the scaffold, and they, as they said, to return by weary journeys to their sorrowful home; the convict, worn out by sickness and watching, now slept.

His name was Jason Creel; his place of residence said to be Virginia. He had been taken up while travelling from the northward to his home, and tried and convicted at the county town, some miles distant, for the murder of a fellow traveller; he had borne him company from the lake, who was ascertained to have had a large sum of money with him, and who was found in the room in which they both slept, at a country inn, near Redcliff, with his throat cut. Creel always had protested his innocence, declaring that the deed was perpetrated by some one while he was asleep, but the circumstances were against him, and though the money was not found on him, he was sentenced to be hung, and had been removed to the old stone gaol at Redcliff for security, the county prison being deemed unsafe. This was the day the execution was to take place; the scaffold was already erected; the crowd pressed round the building, and frequent cries of "bring out the murderer," were heard.

The sun at last told the hour of eleven, and there could be no more delay; the convict's cell was entered by the officers in attendance, who aroused him with the information that all was ready for him without, and bid him hasten to his execution; they laid hands upon him and pinioned him tight, while he looked up towards heaven in wild astonishment, as one new born, and only said, "the dream—the dream."

"And what of the dream, Mr. Jason?" said the sheriff—"You would do me a great kindness if you would dream yourself and me out of this cursed scrape."

"I dreamed," replied the convict, "that while you read the death warrant to me on the scaffold, a man came through the crowd, and stood before us, in a grey dress, with a white hat and large whiskers, and that a bird fluttered over him, and sung distinctly—'this is Lewis, the murderer of the traveller.'"

The officers and gaoler held a short consultation, which ended in a determination to look sharply after the man in grey, with the white hat, accompanied with many hints of the resignation of the prisoner, and the possibility of his innocence being asserted by a supernatural agency; the prison doors were cleared, and Creel, pale and feeble, but with a hymn book in his hand, and a mien all meekness and humility, was seen tottering from the prison to the scaffold. He had no sooner ascended it, than his eyes began to wander over the vast concourse of people

around him with a scrutiny that seemed like faith in dreams; and while the sheriff read the warrant, the convict's anxiety appeared to increase; he looked and looked again, then raised his hands and eyes a moment towards the clear sky, as if breathing a last ejaculation, when lo! as he resumed his first position, the very person he described stood within six feet of the ladder! the prisoner's eye caught the sight, and flashed with fire, while he called out, "there is Lewis, the murderer of the traveller," and the gaoler at the same moment seized the stranger by the collar. At first he attempted to escape, but being secured and taken before the magistrates, he confessed the deed, detailed all the particulars, delivered up part of the money, informed where another part was hidden, and was fully committed for the trial—while Creel was turned loose, and hastened like a man out of his senses from the scaffold.

Three days had elapsed; Creel had vanished immediately after his liberation, when the pretended Lewis astonished and confounded the magistrates by declaring Creel to be her husband; that she had assumed the disguise and performed the whole part by his direction; that he had given her the money, which he had till then successfully concealed about his person; and that the whole, from the prison to the scaffold scene, was a contrivance to effect his escape; which having effected, she was regardless of consequences. Nothing could be done with her—she was set at liberty, and neither her nor her husband were heard of again.

THE ROBBER'S DAUGHTER.

Sharbuto, who derived his name from his beardless chin, was an Englishman of the name of Elstane. He became the chief of a most daring banditti, that often menaced Rome, and laid the holy see under contributions, not of course paid as tribute, but 'as alms for the needy and protection of the weak.' Elstane, though known at Rome as the Prince of Monte Leone, lived among the brigands with Antonia, the daughter of a robber chief, who was much attached to him, but jealous of his frequent absence, with which she reproached him. Having one day, in the most solemn manner, protested his attachment, she thus addressed him:—"With one fond word I would be content for months, Giulio, if I thought your mind was bent on enterprise. But it is not so. You are changed. The vigour of your fierce soul is gone and that contempt of all for which I first loved you, and which then was an active, fierce overbearing passion, is now worn away to mere passing fits of spleen, and intervening hours of careless languor.—You are weaned from this active life of daring, that you vowed to follow ever, and have become again the mean being of towns, and revelry and gaiety, which you once despised, and which I do still, Giulio." "Antonia, you were a robber's daughter." "He was noble as thyself, Giulio, and chose a free life." "I upbraid not the choice, since it has been mine. But cutting throats and purses, think you, girl, it is a following large and noble enough to content a spirit such as you have known mine." "It should more content such, I think, than chattering in saloons, and grinning, night after night, to paint-

ed faces." "Yes; but if in these saloons, amongst those worthless crowds, ambition is best to be pursued, friends made, plans matured, and foundations laid for some noble enterprise, the life must be submitted to." "But what plan, Giulio, what enterprise?" "A worthy one, to free an enslaved people." "And to live to rob them after." "Oh no! to live amongst them, then, were they not so despicable." Antonia shook her head. "What say you then to become a queen—Antonia?" "Am I not one on these hills?" "Yes, a rude one." "And a less rude one I would not be; to be in silk and gold and to be mocked and worshipped, whispered a hundred distracting things to, have no friend, not even thee, Giulio, and to be surrounded with cold civil smiling faces, like the strange crowds we see in dreams—no, Giulio, I am happier here." "Did you not swear to follow me through all reverses?" "I did, and will." "Suppose a throne then a reverse, a terrible misfortune, and be contented to ascend it for my sake."

In the course of his adventures, Sbarbuto seized Lady Adelaide Devenish, to whom he had formerly been much attached. Antonia, jealous, liberated her, and remained in the apartment. Sbarbuto entered, and, thinking that Adelaide had been murdered by Antonia, convinced the latter, by his violence, that she did not possess his heart:—"thou hast not murdered her?" asked Elstane. "Have I not, *traditore*?" exclaimed Antonia, seeming to allow the truth of the accusation, and pointing to her stiletto, "a robber's mistress to fear, or know not how to take vengeance." "Then by all thine accursed saints," cried Elstane, every vein swelling with desperate anger, "thou shalt follow thy victim. What wert thou to me but the plaything of an hour, thou sanguinary—, thou, with a heart to feel. Compare thyself with her—be jealous of Adelaide de Renzi! I never loved, nor cared for thee an atom, and will now never see thee more." "Kill me, kill me," cried Antonia, "twere better mercy. You threatened it. Fulfil your threat. You have spoken bitterer than the blow can be." "I may have threatened," replied Elstane, his fury, but not his agitation subsiding, as he trembled in every limb, "but I am no executioner, no assassin. Go thy way woman. Death will find thee soon enough." "It will, thou hast truly spoken, thou stabber with the tongue, this is a nobler weapon," and as she spoke, Antonia buried the stiletto in her neck. She had learned too truly where the fatal blow should be dealt. In an instant she was a corpse at the foot of Elstane.

A number of the banditti rushed in at the instant into the apartment, with the tidings that the prisoner had escaped, that lady Devenish had been seen riding from the village of Monte Leon. "What! she that was here, alive, escaped, then have I murdered my Antonia for a lie!" "You," cried a robber, "Sbarbuto murder the daughter of our ancient chief?" "'Tis true my friend." The words that passed were few. The robbers were indignant at what they thought the bloody and ungrateful crime of their chief—a crime this was even to them. Elstane provoked them. And ere the life blood of Antonia ceased to flow, that of the unfortunate Prince of Monte Leone mingled with her's. He

died by the swords of the band, which he had so often led to peril and to gain.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Leopold, duke of Lorraine, had a bear called Marco, of the sagacity and sensibility of which, we have the following example:—During the winter of 1709, a Savoyard boy, ready to perish with cold in a barn, in which he had been put with some more of his companions, thought proper to enter Marco's hut, without reflecting upon the danger which he ran in exposing himself to the mercy of the animal which occupied it.—Marco, however, instead of doing any injury to the child, took him between his paws, and warmed him by squeezing him to his breast till next morning, when he suffered him to depart, to ramble about the city. The Savoyard returned in the evening to the hut, and was received with the same affection. For the following days he had no other retreat; but what added much to his joy was, to perceive that the bear had reserved part of his food for him. Several days passed in this manner, without the servants perceiving any thing of the circumstance. One day, when one of them came to bring his master his supper, rather later than ordinary, he was astonished to see the animal roll his eyes in a furious manner, and seeming as if he wished him to make as little noise as possible, for fear of awakening the child, whom he clasped to his breast. The animal, though ravenous, did not appear in the least moved with the food set before him.—The report of this extraordinary circumstance was soon spread at court, and reached Leopold, who, with part of his courtiers, was desirous of being satisfied of the truth of Marco's generosity. Several of them passed the night near his hut, and beheld with astonishment, that the bear never stirred as long as his guest showed any inclination to sleep.—At break of day the child awoke, who was very much ashamed to find himself discovered, and fearing that he would be punished for his rashness, begged for pardon. The bear, however, carressed him, and endeavoured to prevail on him to eat what had been brought to him the evening before, which he did at the request of the spectators, who conducted him to the prince. Having learned the whole history of this singular alliance, and the time which it continued, the prince ordered care to be taken of the little Savoyard, who without doubt would have soon made his fortune, had he not died a short time after.

A Mother to her Daughter, on Marriage.—

You are now my beloved child, about to leave those arms which have hitherto cherished you, and directed your every step, and at length conducted you to a safe, happy, and honorable protection, in the very bosom of love and honor.—You must now be no longer the flighty, inconsiderate, haughty, passionate girl, but ever, with reverence and delight, have the merit of your husband in view. Reflect how vast the sum of your obligation to the man who confers upon you independence, distinction, and, above all, felicity. Moderate, then, my beloved child, your private expenses, and proportion your general expenditure to the standard of his fortune, or rather his wishes. I fear not that with your

education and principles, you can ever forget the more sacred duties, so soon to be your sphere of action. Remember the solemnity of your vows, the dignity of your character, the sanctity of your condition. You are amenable to society for your example, to your husband for honor and happiness, and to heaven itself for those rich talents intrusted to your care and your improvement; and though, in the maze of pleasure, or the whirl of passion, the duties of the heart may be forgotten, remember, my darling child, there is a record which will one day appear in terrible evidence against us for our least omission.

THE DANDY'S CREED.

I believe that a gentleman is any person with a tolerable suit of clothes, and a watch and snuff box in his pocket.

I believe that *honor* means standing fire well; that advice means an affront; and conviction a leaden pill.

I believe that adoration is only due to a fine woman, or her purse; and that a woman can keep one secret—namely, her age.

I believe that my character would be lost beyond redemption if I did not change my dress four times a day, bilk my schneider, wear a Petersham tie, and patronize Hoby for boots.

I believe that playing at *rouge et noir* is the only honorable way of getting a livelihood; that a man of honor never pays his tradesmen because "they are a pack of scoundrels;" and that *buying* goods means ordering them without the purpose of paying.

I believe that debt is a necessary evil.

I believe that the word *dress* means nakedness in females; that *husband* implies a person engaged to pay a woman's debts; that *economy* means pusillanimity; that a *coachman* is an accomplished nobleman; and that any person talking about decency is a bore.

I believe that there is not a cleverer or prettier fellow in the town than myself; and that as far as regards the women, I am altogether irresistible.

King George, Defender of the Faith.—It is a singular fact, that the sovereign and court of a nation, which professes to be ultra christian in its sentiments, and has been free in its censures upon other countries for an opposite tendency, should pay so little regard to the Sabbath. At Windsor, Sunday is the fashionable day both for business and amusement. The king sometimes attends church; but he generally selects the Sabbath for inspecting the public works which are going on for his accommodation, at an expense of several hundred thousand pounds—for reviewing military parades—for fishing in his favorite Virginia waters—and for giving splendid dinner parties. On this day, the gates of the Palace are flung open, and crowds from London, as well as from the neighboring country, rush in, to devote the day to gaiety and pleasure, imitating the example of the court.—While these practical violations of a Christian ordinance are sanctioned by the English, they certainly do not furnish just grounds for denouncing the religious creeds and mal-practices of other nations.—*Carter's Letters.*

THE LITERARY CASKET.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1826.

Mrs. Barbauld's Works.—The works of Mrs. Barbauld, including several posthumous pieces of great value and interest, have lately been published in New York. The American Editor (says the Evening Post) has judiciously omitted from the collection some articles both of prose and poetry which were only of temporary and occasional interest, or which have been well known and widely circulated in the United States. Of the pieces contained in these volumes, consisting of tracts, essays, tales, poems and letters, we cannot speak in too high terms of praise, nor recommend them too strongly to the attention of the public. The grace, liveliness and spirit of the style, the ingenuity and justness of the sentiments, the beautiful moral tendency, and the spirit of cheerful piety which characterize all the works of Mrs. Barbauld, are such that no one can read them without being at once delighted and instructed. Every father should put this publication into the hands of his daughters, as a monitor of the duties and a teacher of the graces of their sex. The author it is well known, was a remarkable instance of a blameless, active and benevolent life, prolonged to very ripe old age, as if Providence was willing to preserve to the world, for the longest possible period, an example of so much goodness and usefulness. More than one generation of literary men have borne witness to the brilliancy of her genius, the cultivation of her mind, the charm of her conversation, the amiable qualities of her heart, and the excellence of her life.

As she was one of the earliest among English writers, who judiciously employed great talents and attainments on the composition of works for children, there are undoubtedly many among us who can trace some of the most vivid and cherished of their virtuous impressions to the perusal of her writings in early life.

What must add greatly to the interest with which the American public will regard these volumes, is the very liberal plan on which they are published. The profits arising from their sale will be remitted to England to the heirs of the author, and the reward of her labors will thus come to the hands to which it naturally and rightfully belongs. We have only to mention further, that the work is beautifully printed, in a manner quite creditable to the typography of the country. A memoir of the author, by Miss Aiken, is prefixed.—Among the posthumous pieces, is a very interesting collection of pieces in prose and verse, entitled, *A Legacy for Young Ladies*.

Pleasure is a rose, near which there ever grows the thorn of evil. It is wisdom's work so carefully to cull the rose, as to avoid the thorn, and let its rich perfume exhale to Heaven, in grateful adoration of Him, who gave the rose to blow.

A man of ingenuity may go a great way in the field of learning by himself. Heraclitus, a philosopher of Ephesus, had no master or tutor, but attained to great knowledge by his own private study and diligence.—Though this can be no rule, it is an example to those who have not the advantage of a guide.

More men are guilty of treason through weakness than any studied design to betray.

A correspondent in Boston has kindly forwarded us the "Report of the Committee appointed to visit the Hancock Sabbath School." Although it is not usual for us to insert articles of this description in the Casket, yet the plan, progress, and usefulness of this School has been such, that we cannot forbear giving some parts of it to our readers. With the conclusion, which we insert, we are particularly pleased; and think the example set by the worthy instructors of the Hancock Sabbath School, deserving of more general imitation.

Report of the Committee appointed to visit the Hancock Sabbath School, Jan. 1826

The Hancock Sabbath School was established by a number of gentlemen, who originally associated themselves for mutual religious instruction of the poor.—It was opened for the first time on the 22d day of May, 1823. Its prospects from its commencement have been encouraging. On the first day there were present sixty scholars and eighteen instructors, ten of whom were ladies and eight gentlemen, the whole under the superintendence of Deacon Moses Grant.—From that time to the present day it has continued to receive the countenance and assistance of pious and philanthropic individuals, who have not been sparing of the labor and time which they have given to it.—There are no schools more flourishing than the Sunday Schools and this like others has had its changes.—There are still however in the school a number of children who were in it at its commencement, and of the eighteen instructors who were present at its establishment, five ladies and five gentlemen, still continue their labors with unabated zeal. Its prospects have never been more flattering than they are at the present time. The order and decorum of the whole school reflects credit on all who are engaged in its management. And the proficiency of the scholars (especially of those in the upper classes) and the evident interest which they take in their attendance, are such as give every encouragement to the instructors, and such as are highly gratifying to all who feel an interest in the religious condition of our community. The whole number of instructors in the school at the present time, is twenty-five, fifteen of whom are ladies, and ten gentlemen.—The average number of children who attended during the month of April, was one hundred and thirty. The school is gradually becoming more known, and the number of scholars and instructors is consequently increasing. The school is divided into four classes, which pursue their studies according to the following table—1st class; Cumming's Questions, First, Second and Third Part of the Geneva Catechism—2nd class; Worcester's Catechism, Lincoln's Questions, Colman's Sunday School Questions in Testament—3rd class; Watt's First Catechism, First and Second part—4th; Reading Lessons and Spelling Book.

The classes are separated into divisions of six or eight scholars each, and each division has a teacher, whose duty it is to remain by it during school hours, to attend to its reading and recitations and preserve its order. The school is opened morning and afternoon by reading a Portion of the Testament and by prayer, after which the scholars proceed to their studies and recitations, and the school is usually closed by singing a hymn. Previous to the religious exercises, when it is practicable, it is customary for the superintendent to read to the children, who have assembled, a story of a moral or religious character, or a portion of a sermon, or to make some remarks. This custom is attended with much benefit, and is a motive for children to come at an early hour, and has a tendency to fix their minds and prepare them for the duties of the school.

The studies are so managed, that each of the classes take a new course every quarter. On the second Sunday of January, April, July and October, an examination of the scholars is held, at which the parents of the children and the friends of the institution are invited to attend, and some one of our clergymen is requested to be present and to address the school.

As a motive to steady and punctual attendance, tickets are given to the children. These tickets are numbered from one to thirteen, and on each there is a reference to some chapter and verses of the New Testament. Beginning with the quarter those children who are in the school on both parts of the day receive on

the first Sunday No. 1, on the second No. 2, &c.—Should a scholar be punctual but half the day, he is not entitled to a ticket. But on his next punctual attendance he receives the number next in order to those which had previously been assigned him, so that at the end of the quarter he will have received only as many tickets as there have been days on which he has been punctual, and the last ticket received will denote the instances of punctuality.

The verses referred to on the tickets are committed to memory, and at the end of the quarter, those who have obtained the largest number have books presented to them.

The rules of the school with the ten commandments are printed on cards. These are committed to memory by each scholar on admittance to the school, and are repeated by the whole school on the first Sunday of each month.

There is a library connected with the school containing about 130 books, which are loaned once a fortnight to two scholars in each division.

Besides the usual duties of the school the teachers are requested to visit and become acquainted with the parents of the children. This is of great importance, and it was gratifying to learn that the duty was faithfully and cheerfully performed. The practice cannot fail to be productive of much good.

The above account of the Hancock Sabbath School must be sufficient to satisfy every one, that much time and labor are devoted to its interests. That this time and labor are not mispent was sufficiently evident to the Committee.

BOOK-SELLING IN ENGLAND.

If we may judge by the accumulation of new and valuable works on our table, (says the London Literary Gazette) we may congratulate the country on the revival of spirit and enterprise in publishing. Being brought more under the notice of the world than any other branch of industry, the share which booksellers have had (in common with all other commercial classes) in the distresses of these times, has been generally magnified and exaggerated. The consequence was a temporary pause and relaxation; which our weekly lists shew to be now yielding to the sound employment of sound capital, so that the literature of the country need fear no reverse or obstruction.

Connecticut School Fund.—From the report of the Commissioner of the School Fund to the Legislature, it appears that the principal of the fund, consisting in bonds, stock, lands, and cash, amounts to \$1,719,434. The interest due is \$116,288. The whole number of persons in the state between the ages of four and sixteen, according to the enumeration in the month of August last, was 84,851. The number of school societies in the state is 203; the whole amount of moneys divided to them during the past year is \$72,123 35, being at the rate of 85 cents to each person enumerated. The amount of interest on hand after paying the above dividend and the expenses of managing the fund, is \$6151 18.

Instruction of Mechanics.—This subject is pursued with much vigor and zeal in France. Dupin, the celebrated engineer, seems to have given it the first impulse by a course of lectures at Paris. The Minister of Marine appointed Blouet, Professor of Hydrography, to deliver a course of Geometry and Mechanics applied to arts and trades, at Dieppe, an important seaport. He commenced in October, 1825, at the city hall, and delivered his introductory lecture to an audience of 400 persons.

Mention is made that there were at the above date no less than 44 similar courses, delivered in seaport towns in France, and 15 in cities in the interior.

VARIETY.

AN OLD STORY IN A NEW DRESS.

A pious man, who lived upon alms, had saved up a jar of oil, at a time when oil was very dear. He had hung it up over his pillow. One night having lain down with his staff in his hand, he began to calculate the profit which he should derive from his oil. If said he, I sell it at such a price, with the money I will buy a sheep that will produce me so many lambs the first year, so many the second and so many the third. In a few years, when these lambs shall have multiplied, I will buy a piece of land, and build a large house upon it. I will have abundance of cattle and slaves. I will marry the daughter of such a one, and the wedding shall be celebrated with the greatest pomp.—Mead shall circulate in profusion, and I will invite every body, poor and rich, the learned and men of business. There shall be no want of any thing, and people shall talk long afterwards of the nuptial festivities. My wife shall bear me a son, who shall receive the best education in the world. I will myself instruct him in the sciences and in morals. He will be a gentle well-disposed boy, who will listen to the councils of his father.—But if he should take it into his head to be obstinate and vicious, how I would thrash him! As he thus spoke, in the warmth of his imagination, in which he was mentally chastising his son he gave the jar such a blow with his stick, that he smashed it in pieces, and the oil deluged his face and beard.

Not at Home.—A servant being asked if his master was at home replied, "No." "When will he return?" "Oh! when master gives orders to say he is not at home we never know when he will come in."

A Scotch parson, in the time of the Rump, said in his prayer, "Lord bless the grand council, the Parliament, and grant they may a'hang together." A country fellow standing by, said, "Yes, yes, with all my heart, and the sooner the better; and I am sure it is the prayer of all good people." "But friends," says the parson, "I don't mean as that fellow does, but pray they may a'hang together in *accord* and *concord*."—"No matter *what cord*," replied the other, "if it be but a *strong cord*."

Dr. Morse, of Elizabethtown, N. J. had several winter mornings, discovered that much of his wood had disappeared during the night. He therefore set up one night to watch, to detect the marauder. About midnight, he saw one of his neighbours come to his pile, shoulder a log, and bear it off. The Doctor immediately followed him at a distance with another load.—The neighbour came to his own door, threw down the log—when the Doctor also threw down his load on the top of it, exclaiming—*There, d—n you, there's small wood to burn with your log!*"

There are too many of that unthinking temper of mind, which troubles itself with nothing that is serious and weighty, who account life a pastime, and seek nothing above recreation; never reflecting where all this will end at last.

Sulkies were invented for apish fools and dandies—and wise men should not be seen in them. It was a remark of a coachmaker, 'that a *sociable* was all the ton during the honey moon, and a *sulky* ever after.'

A distinguished member of the New-York convention of 1821, after ending an elaborate speech, and supposing his chair to be behind him (which unfortunately was not the fact) while in the act of seating himself, came to the floor rather *abruptly*. Another member, not noticing the mistake, rose immediately to reply to the speech, but was silenced by a member calling out, "order, order, there's another gentleman on the floor already!"

Vigee, taking the portrait of a lady, perceived that when he was working at her mouth, she was twisting her features in order to render it smaller, and put her lips in the most extreme contraction.—Do not trouble yourself so much, madam, exclaimed the painter; for if you choose, I will draw you without any mouth at all.

TAILORS.

Sir J. Hawkwood, was usually styled Joannes Acutus, from the sharpness, it is said, of his needle, or his sword.—Fuller the historian, says "he turned his needle into a sword, and his thimble into a shield. He was the son of a tanner, and was bound apprentice to a tailor, and was pressed for a soldier." He served under Edward III. and was knighted; distinguished himself at the battle of Poitiers, where he gained the esteem of the Black Prince, and finished his military career in the pay of the Florentines, in 1394, at his native place, Hedingham, in Essex. There is a monument to his memory in the parish church. Sir Ralph Blackwell was his fellow apprentice, knighted for his bravery by Edward III. married his master's daughter, and founded Blackwell Hall. John Speed, the historian, was a cheshire tailor, and John Stowe, the antiquary was a tailor; he was born in London, in 1525, and lived to the age of 80. Benjamin Robins was the son of a tailor, of Bath; he compiled Lord Anson's Voyage round the world. Elliott's regiment of Light Horse was chiefly composed of tailors; and the first man who suggested the idea of abolishing the slave trade was Thomas Woolman, a Quaker and tailor, of New-Jersey. He published many tracts on the species of traffic, went great distances to consult individuals on the subject, on which business he came to England, and went to York, where he caught the small pox, and died October 7, 1772.

Anecdote of John Adams—Com. Tucker commanded the public ship which carried out Mr. Adams on his first embassy to Europe, early in the revolutionary war. On the voyage she was attacked by a British cruiser. When the action began Mr. Adams was walking on the quarter deck. The Com. requested him to go below, as he was exposing himself, without the chance of rendering service. He refused, and arming himself with a musket, fought out the action, which lasted more than an hour. The Englishman was finally beaten off without loss.

ECONOMICAL MEMORANDA.

Elder juice will destroy skippers in cheese, bacon, &c. Some say, that an infusion or decoction of elder is a remedy against bugs and other insects, which infest cucumber vines &c.

Musketoes.—Oil of peneroyal, diluted a little with water, rubbed over the hands and face, it is said will preserve against the bite of musketoes.

Lime—Will destroy sorrel. Sorrel is acid; lime is an alkaline earth: ergo the latter will kill the former.

Curing Tainted Meat.—Meat which has been kept too long in summer may be deprived of its bad smell by putting it into water, and throwing into the pot, when beginning to boil, a shovel full of live coals, destitute of smoke; after a few minutes have elapsed the water must be changed, when the operation, if necessary, may be repeated.

Preserving Bacon by Charcoal.—Take a tierce or box and cover the bottom with charcoal, reduced to small pieces, but not to dust: cover the legs or pieces of meat with a stout brown paper, sewed round so as to exclude all dust—lay them down on the coal in compact order—then cover the layer with coal, and so on till your business is done, and cover the top with a good thickness of coal. The use of charcoal, properly prepared in boxes, is of great benefit in preserving fresh provisions, butter and fruits in warm weather; also in recovering meats of any kind when partially damaged, by covering the same a few hours in the coal.—*N. England Farmer.*

THE LITERARY CASKET

Devoted to Literature, the Arts and Sciences,

PUBLISHED IN THE CITY OF HARTFORD, CON. BY

BENJAMIN H. NORTON & JOHN RUSSELL.

Terms.....\$2 per year, payable in advance.

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Well written communications will at all times be thankfully received and meet with early attention;

Hartford, (Con.) Aug. 19th, 1826.

THE WREATH.

The following is one of the Poems, presented for the Premium offered by the Publishers of the CASKET.

ON LEAVING THE PLACE OF MY EDUCATION.

Come, faithful memory, tell me of the hour
When light first dawned upon my peaceful way,
And bear me captive to thy wizard power,
Back o'er the scenes of childhood's flowery day.

Speak to my soul of times so falsely fair,
When hope's bright beacon, kindled to my eye—
And of each gay illusion of despair
To charm his victim, ere he knew to fly!

There was an hour, when youth, with stedfast gaze,
Traced the long vista of unfolding time,
And sunk, or brightened, as the distant maze
Was veiled in doubt, or beamed with hopes sublime.

But little reck'd the heedless heart to win
To-morrow's smiles, if present fates were kind—
Twas but an idle wish to pry within
The deep dark recess of the future mind.

Such wanton idlesse reigning in my breast,
My feet delighted early came to tread
These classic plains, in endless verdure drest—
And thus kind heaven my wayward steps has led.

First childish prejudice was taught to yield
To reason's strong and unperturbed sway,
And thoughts and powers, that long had lain concealed,
Awoke and ripened in the beams of day.

Here, to the vagrant step of wayward youth,
Religion cleared a pathway to the skies,
Unveiled the sun of everlasting truth,
And poured the light upon my clouded eyes.

Here, to the wondering gaze of young delight,
Celestial Science op'd her golden stores—
The mind, expanding to the flood of light,
Extatic, viewed the wide unbounded shores.

Here sacred friendship threw her silken chain
Around my heart, her more than willing slave—
And many a chord unsever'd shall remain,
To vibrate still when I am in the grave.

.....

Here youthful fancy finds in every blade
That waves its pennon to the passing gale,
Some fond memorial that affection made,
To claim a tear—or rouse the tender tale.

Yet, though no pleasures bound me to the spot,
Nor fancy linger'd round the dear abode,
There is one charm oblivion ne'er can blot—
A father's ashes mingle with this sod!

These are the cords that twine around my soul,
The soft sweet magic of serenest times,
And these shall draw me, when dark billows roll,
Or mountains rise, to bar these happy climes.

Ah! then adieu! fair scenes of joy and peace!—
Yet let this token of my love remain,
That friendship's eager eye may sometimes trace
My footsteps here, and think of me again.

U. U. 17

We sometimes lightly complain of our friends, to be
beforehand in justifying our own levity.

FOR THE LITERARY CASKET.

One day as Cupid in the air,
Was borne aloft on downy pinion;
His little bosom free from care,
Rejoicing in his vast dominion:—

As thus he sail'd in eastern sky,
He saw upon a rocky shore,
A well known harp, thrown careless by,
As if its master was no more.

But no such thoughts had Cupid then,—
And soon beside the harp he stood,
Embrac'd it o'er and o'er again,
And struck its strings in merry mood.

He struck the strings—but all in vain—
Their sounds in death with Byron slept,—
And when this truth shot through his brain,
He leant upon the harp and wept.

T. E.

FOR THE LITERARY CASKET.

RETIREMENT.

Give me some lone retired vale,
Remote from noise and strife;
For fain would I in such a dale,
Live out this wretched life.

Give me some simple herbs to eat,
Some kind and soothing friend,
Averse to falsehood and deceit,
Whom virtue did attend.

Give me some books, from fiction free,
Where useful knowledge glows,
And then quite happy I should be,
Secure from ills and woes.

I'd ask not wealth or riches there,
For they would poison bliss;
They'd bring with them a world of care,
And make my pleasures less.

L. J.

SONG OF THE HUNTER'S BRIDE,

BY L. E. L.

Another day—another day,
And yet he comes not nigh;
I look upon the dim blue hills,
Yet nothing meets my eye.

I hear the rush of mountain streams
Upon the echoes borne;
I hear the singing of the birds,
But not my hunter's horn.

The eagle sails in darkness past;
The watchful chamois bounds;
But what I look for comes not near—
My Urie's hawk and hounds.

Three times I thus have watched the snow
Grow crimson with the stain
The setting sun threw o'er the rock,
And I have watched in vain.

I love to see the graceful bow
Across his shoulder slung;
I love to see the golden horn
Beside his baldric hung.

I love his dark hounds, and I love
His falcon's sweeping flight;
I love to see his manly cheek
With mountain colors bright.

I've waited patiently, but now
Would that the chase were o'er,
Well may he love the hunter's toil,
But he should love me more.

Why stays he thus?—he would be here,
If his love equalled mine.
Methinks had I one fond caged dove,
I would not let it pine.

But hark! what are those ringing steps
That up the valley come?
I see his hounds—I see himself—
My Urie, welcome home!

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"It is but pride wherewith
To his fair son the father's eye doth turn,
Watching his growth: aye, on the boy he looks,
The bright, glad creature, springing in his path,
But as the heir of his great name—the young
And stately tree, whose rising strength ere long
Shall bear his trophies well. And this is love!
This is man's love!—What marvel! You ne'er made
Your breast the pillow of his infancy,
While to the fulness of your heart's glad heavings,
His fair cheek rose and fell! and his bright hair
Wav'd softly to your breath! You ne'er kept watch
Beside him, till the last pale star had set,
And morn, all dazzling as in triumph broke
On your dim, weary eye! Not yours the face,
Which early faded, through fond care for him;
Hung o'er his sleep, and dully as heaven's light,
Was there to greet his wakening! You ne'er smooth'd
His couch—ne'er sung him to his rosy rest;
Caught his last whisper, when his voice from yours
Had learned soft utterance—pressed your lips to his
When fever parched it—Hushed his wayward cries
With patient, vigilant, never-weary love!
No! these are Woman's tasks—in these her youth,
And bloom of cheek, and buoyancy of heart,
Steal from her all unmarked!"

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At No. 3, Central-Row, Hartford.

Terms—Two DOLLARS per annum, payable in advance
or \$2.25, half yearly.

JOB PRINTING

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